see him to the gate.

They Vote Unanimously to Ask the Board of Estimate for the Increase -The Poorest Paid Body in New York, Says Judge Barlow-What the City Charter Says.

At a meeting of the Board of City Magistrates yesterday it was decided to petition the Board of Estimate to increase salaries from \$7,000 to \$9,000 a year. The Magistrates met to pass on their estimate of expenditures for the coming year, but the item was not down on the schedule. The estimate handed out provided for an increase of \$500 in the salaries of all the clerks and stenographers except one man. It was estimated that the expenditures for the coming year would be \$222,000, an increase of \$19,500 over those of the present year. The estimate made no provision for the salaries of the two extra Magistrates who are to sit if the bill authorizing the night court is signed by the Governor.

Most of the Magistrates present had no idea of asking the city for more money when the meeting opened, and several of them treated the suggestion as a joke when it was first broached. They had heard the report of the committee on the increase of the salaries of the clerks and were looking over the copies of the estimate placed n front of each man present when Magistrate Steinert, who was at the far end of the table, spoke up.

While we are at it why don't we ask for \$2,000 a year more, so that we can have \$9,000 a year, instead of \$7,000?" he asked. Magistrate Barlow smiled. "Why do you limit it to \$9,000?" said he.

Magistrate Steinert didn't know exactly how to take the remark. "It is fair and reasonable," said he.

"It is certainly reasonable," said Magistrate Barlow. Then there was silence about the board for several moments. The proposition was a surprise, and most of those present showed that it had not been thought of by them

"What do you think of it. Judge Butts?" asked Magistrate Steinert of the newest

It would seem to me that for the present we might just as well let the matter go I think that it is a bad time."

Then Magistrate Steinert got to his feet and made a little speech. He said that twenty years ago Magistrates in New York got \$10,000 and that living expenses were now 20 per cent. higher than they were then. They must either ask for the increase or wait another year. Magistrate when he had heard that changed his mind, saying that he had not understood.
"I think that we are the poorest paid body of men in New York," said Magistrate Barlow. "When we get through our work in the summer time we come out of the court like a rag. Our work is hard."

"And don't forget that while we are Magistrates we are not allowed to practise."

law or engage in any other business," interpolated Magistrate Steinert.

"In England Magistrates get \$8,500, which is equal to \$12,000 in this country, because of the low rates of living over there," said Magistrate Barlow.

Magistrate Cornell said that a strong argumagistrate cornell said that ment in their favor was the recent increase of the salaries of the Municipal Court Judges from \$6,000 to \$8,000. He said that the job

of Magistrate was much more important than that of municipal Justice and should be better paid.

By that time everybody was interested and Magistrate Cornell moved that the estimate be increased by \$32,000. Magistrate Bailow seconded the motion and

trate Bailow seconded the motion and every one present voted aye.

The president of the board will appoint a committee of five, including himself, to put the matter before the Board of Estimate Section 1402 of the city Charter says:

"The salaries of the City Magistrates now in office, and of their successors " " " shall be as follows: The salary of each City Magistrate of the First Division (Manhatten and The Brenzy shall be as year.

hattan and The Bronx) shall be seven thousand dollars per annum." At the same time section 56 of the Charter says that it shall be the duty of the Board

of Aldermen "upon the recommendation of the Board of Estimate to fix the salary of every officer or person whose compensation is paid out of the city treasury, other than day laborers " " " irrespective of the amount fixed by this act, except that no change shall be made in the salary of an elected officer or head of department dur-ing his tenure of office."

This matter was discussed by the Magistrates and it was decided that under section 56 the Board of Estimate could recommend an increase in their salaries

CAUGHT BETWEEN MATTRESSES Odd Hiding Place of a Youngster Convicted of Theft.

"Yes, sir, we found him in bed," said Detective Digilio yesterday in telling the story of the arrest of Thomas Cefflio, 18 years old, of 403 East 118th street, for stealing \$263 from Max Rieser, a Harlem contractor. The money had been given to Cefilio, who was a clerk employed by Rieser, to pay some of Rieser's employees. This is Detective Digilio's description of the capture of Cefilio as told in Judge McAvoy's court in General

"My partner, Cassidy, and I had been watching Cefilio's home. We saw his face at the window and went in. We searched the house—the closets, rooms, everything. His mother and father were in one bed. His ree sisters, young girls, were in another ed But we found him. Where? In the ted where his sisters were supposed to be sleep. How? There was a pair of mattresses. He was between them."

"There is no crime here," said Lawyer Feldman. "The only crime is that he was

asleep between two mattresses and there such crime in the penal code."
boy said he lost the money. He was

AGED HEIRESS IN POORHOUSE. Strange Tale of a Fortune in Seattle Be-

OTTAWA, July 12 .- Supt. Cody of a Seattle. Wash., private detective agency passed to-day through Toronto on his way to

to-day through Toronto on his way to Abo, Finland, to bring back Katharine Melvena Kostorman, aged 70, legal heir to a fortune of \$750,000 at Seattle.

In 1898, he said, Charles Spoityne Kostorman, or Charles A. White as he was known in Seattle, died, leaving a fortune of nearly \$5,000,000 to the Theosophists. A personage called Edgar of Madras, India, was named as the sole beneficiary. Some months ago an old Swede searching for work told Mr. Cody of the woman in Finland and he at once made inquiries and located her in the poorhouse at Abo.

There still remains \$750,000 of the original estate accessible to legal process. estate accessible to legal process.

To Modernize Old St. Alphonsus's Church

Plens have been filed with Building Superintendent Murphy for remodelling and modernizing St. Alphonsus's Roman Catholic Church, of which the Rev. Peter Grein is rector and which is one of the landmarks of old New York on West Broadway near Grand street. The lighting is to be improved, the gallery and staircases changed, the sanctuary floor enlarged, its grade altered to improve the view of the alter and approved the view of the sanctuary floor enlarged. ltar and surroundings and a new marble foor laid Anthony F. A. Schmitt is the

Ternade in Broome County.

BINGHAMTON, Juy 12 .- A tornado struck Broome county about twelve miles northwest of this city during the heavy rainstorm last night and did about \$1,000 damage to buildings, orchards and crops in the towns of Union and Maine, but no persons were injured.

NEW ELEVATED STAIRWAYS.

And the second second second second

Inter-Met to Be Mandamused if It Doesn't

Get Busy Within 30 Days. Deputy Attorney-General T. I. Dillon applied yesterday to Justice Dayton in the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus to compel the Interborough Rapid Transit Company to erect additional stairways for the stations at Houston, Ninth, Eighteenth and Ninety-ninth streets on the Third avenue elevated, and at Cortlandt and Greenwich

streets on the Ninth avenue line. Mr. Dillon said that the Board of Railroad Commissioners had ordered the erection of additional stairways at the Houston street station as far back as May, 1904, but that nothing had been done by the railroad company. Similar recommendations for the other stations had been made since then and all had been disregarded. At Houston street, Mr. Dillon said, 2,700 persons on an average took the uptown trains every day in the rush hours, yet there was only one small stairway.

J. O. Williams, counsel for the Interborough, admitted that the orders of the Board of Railroad Commisioners had not been complied with, but said that the difficulty lay in acquiring easements from the abutting property owners The Astor and Lorillard estates own the abutting property at Houston, and the Stuyvesant estate at Ninth street, Mr Williams said, and the representatives of these owners had objected to surrendering their easements of light and air except at high prices. Some of the easements required have already been purchased, said Mr. Williams, and in other cases condemnation proceedings have been purchased, said Mr. Williams, and in other cases condemnation proceedings have been begun. Mr. Williams then asked for an adjournment of the mandamus proceedings for ninety days, so that the company might acquire the necessary easements everywhere either by purchase or condemnation.

Mr. Dillon objected to the adjournment as entirely too long and pointed to the

as entirely too long and pointed to the long delay since 1904 as showing that the Interborough officials more than Interborough officials were not acting in good faith. He would agree, he said, to an adjournment for thirty days, at the end of which period he would ask the Court to issue mandamuses forthwith where work had not already been begun on the

Justice Dayton said that he would allow only thirty days and that if the company had not acquired the necessary easements from property owners by that time he would increase the company of the company

THE SEAGOERS.

Six Liners Sall To-day With a Host of Travellers.

Sailing to-day by the American liner St. Louis, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and

Southampton: Mrs. Sarah G. Altemus, Julian Story, Mr and Mrs. George Arliss, Frank S. Bishop, the Rev. Oliver H. Brownson, Mrs. Elizabeth Coudert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Dorflinger, Arthur B. Farquhar, Edna Wallace Hopper, the Hon F. J. H. Kracke, James W. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Morgan, E. C. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Phillips, Harry P. Runkel, L. P. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Stockton and

By the Red Star steamship Kroonland, for Dover and Antwerp:

Prof. and Mrs. George F. Barker, Dr. John S. Billings, Prof. and Mrs. Henry W. Farman, Mrs Chandler Hale, Dr. Gordon R. Hall, Gen. and Mrs. H. S. Hu'dekoper, Mrs. Henry William Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Stover, Otis Skinner, Dr. E. Guernsey Rankin, Dr. and Mrs. Hugo A. Rennert, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitte-nore and the Hon Eli Whitney

Passengers by the Atlantic Transport liner Minnehaha, for London: Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Blackford, Capt and Mrs. F. M. Browne, A. H. U. Colquhoun, W. S. Chamberlain, the Hon. J. Henry Colburn, Rufus Flint, the Hon. S. T. Foresman, James M. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Groome. C. O'Conor Hennessy, Judge Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Reid, Rear Admiral and Mrs. James H. Sands, Pierrepont Van Cott, and Mrs. A. J. Vanderpeel.

Aboard the North German Lloyd liner Prinzess Irene, off for the Mediterranean, will be:

Will De:
Count Albani, Dr. and Mrs, Edward Hill
Baldwin, Harold Marion Crawford, Dr. S. G.
Dabney, Col. H. S. Haines, Miss Emily Harper,
Mr. and Mrs Phineas H. Ingalls, Mr. and
Mrs. Larkin G. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Richard
W. Preston, James Lee Scott, the Rev. G. R.
Underhill and Mrs. Andrew J. Wilcox.

Pr. the Cunarder Campania, for Liver-By the Cunarder Campania, for Liver-pool:

Mr and Mrs. Waiter G. Kennedy, Col Thomas F. Meehan, the Hon. T. P. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis Hyde, Robert Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Cervantes, Charles Cran-mer-Roberts, Frank C. Case and A. W. P.

The Anchor liner Caledonia, off to-day or Glasgow, will take: Mrs. Jane K. Arbuckle, Charles Battell Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd S. Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Chatfield, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson B Bidwell, James Hamilton Young and Mr. and Mrs C. Proctor Thompson.

WOMAN'S VIEW OF PANAMA.

Miss Beeks Returns From Inspecting the Condition of Canal Employees.

Miss Gertrude Beeks, who has been investigating the mental, moral, spiritual, social, economic and physical conditions of the Government employees on the Isthmus of Panama, arrived yesterday morning on the Colon. She was at home to visitors in the afternoon at the headquarters of the National Civic Federation, under whose auspices she made the trip.

Every one present got a cordial hand-clasp and beaming smile from Miss Beeks clasp and beaming smile from Miss Beeks, likewise the assurance that she had had a most delightful trip and that the rainy season of the Isthmus had been much maligned; but when she was questioned about the conditions on which she is supposed to be thoroughly posted she smiled again and shook her head.

"Really." she said, "I can't say a word, you know, until after I have made my report to the committee, which I will do some time next week.

me time next week.

some time next week.

"There are nineteen camps or villages in the Government Zone, and I visited every one of them during the twenty-three days I spent on the Isthmus. Five thousand American white men 1,000 of whom are clerks; 10,000 Spanish, Italians and Greeks and 20,000 Jamaica negroes are employed on the canal.

"No, I can't even say whether they are happy.

happy.

"There was one case of yellow fever while I was there—the first in eighteen months. The man, who contracted it on one of the islands, was put in a yellow fever cage, and before I left the disease had passed the infectious stage."

Secretary Taft is chairman of the Federation's committee on welfare work for

Secretary Taft is chairman of the Federation's committee on welfare work for Government employees, to which Miss Beeks's report will go. The other members are Charles A. Moore, August Belmont, Cyrus W. McCormick, John S. W. Beekman, Nathan Straus, Samuel Compers, president A. F. L.; Daniel J. Keefe, president of the International Longshoremen, Marine and Transport Workers' Association; Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Internaren S. Stone, grand chief of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive En gineers; James O'Connell, president of the International Association of Machinists, and Joseph F. Valentine, president of the Iron Moulders' Union of North America.

Cornerstone of New School, Gift of Mrs. Sage, Laid at Sag Harbor.

SAO HARBOR, L. I., July 12.-Col. J. J Slocum, a brother of Mrs. Russell Sage, who gave \$102,200 for a new Pierson school and auditorium for Sag Harbor. laid the cornerstone at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Before the exercises there was a parade of school children, led by band of music. The programme included an address of welcome by Chairman William C. Greene of the building committee, addresses by School Commissioner C. H. Howell and the Rev. J. J. Harrison and singing by the children.

There were 2,000 people present at the express and all business in the case.

There were 2,000 people present at the exercises, and all business in the town was suspended during the afternoon.

The school is to cost \$160,000 and is about one-fourth completed.

NEW BOOKS.

The Agitations of a Sinner.

The eyes of men have different powers of magnifying, and the same is true of their consciences. We see variously whatever thing may be before us, and the feelings with which we apprehend it may vary as widely as apathy and enthusiasm. It may be that the reader will think himself prepared to hate sin as it should be hated. and still that he will be able to find no nore than the very pale shadow of an offender in Mr. Antonio Fogazzaro's story of "The Sinner," translated from the Italian by Mary Prichard-Agnetti (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Here is the beginning of that conscientious tumult which follows young Piero Maironi into another tale and there qualifies him to be the hero of "The Saint. Piero, while his insane wife was still alive, loved another lady. The love between these two permitted itself no very extravagant or indelicate expression. If we have counted correctly he kissed her on two occasions only-once at her beautiful villa, where they had met in the season of roses to look at an eclipse of the moon, and once (a somewhat more advanced and threatening manifestation) at the edge of the terrifying abyss called the Profondo-this last an object in material nature and not a mere figurative expression. Further it is to be counted in enumerating Piero's sins that for a brief period he rejected the teachings of religion.

We think it likely that the reader will be entertained by the humorous social picture with which the story opens-the Marchesa Nene Scremin, a thrifty lady, dusting her own drawing room and scolding because she has missed an egg and cannot discover the greedy and audacious soul who purloined it. It came to be known, toward the end of a day of excessive agitations, that the Marchesa's husband, whom she adored, had eaten the egg for breakfast; and so curiosity is satisfied and the tragical quality of the incident is permitted to be less than it might have been. In the chapter concerning the egg the reader meets a considerable company and is made acquainted with a good deal of the social color and flavor of the neighborhood. As well as a picture and an introduction this chapter about an egg this possibility never took shape and we serves as a foil to throw into contrast the matters of seriousness that are to follow.

Though Piero's actual sinning may be held to have been inconsiderable, he found himself thoroughly culpable in certain of his inclinations. He was tempted. The Marcheea's young maid (the Marchesa was his mother-in-law and he lived with the Scremins), "a tall, slender, light complexioned girl," came to his room, having no good errand. He turned pale when she presented herself. "The girl, who was also pale, fixed her fine blue eyes upon him, eyes in which behind a veil of tenderness there lurked a certain boldness." She exercised a number of little arts, and she was very pretty. "As the little maid brushed past him he was conscious of that warm perfume that emanates from the hair of the young and from a wholesome body. He had said no more than to bid her come in when she had knocked, but now "he heard her whisper a 'Thank you' laden with meaning as she took his overcoat, hung it up with alow movements and smoothed it with light touches of her hands, which, though not white, were small and slender. The little lamp that was burning on the consolle opposite the cloak stand gilded her magnificent hair, which was twisted in her neck like a knot of serpents."

She was provocative, so all the more reason why he should send her packing, which he did presently. "She faced about, glanced at the lamp that was smoking, moved very slowly forward on her way to turn it down, and, as she passed Maironi, raised her great eyes to his face. They had a glassy look and were full of an outspoken proposal. He shuddered, but said nothing. Very slowly the little fair haired naid began to lower the wick. It sand steadily lower and lower until the light had almost disappeared. Then Maironi exclaimed sharply: 'The Signora is ringing for you!' The girl started, raised the wick, looked the young man in the face and saw at once that she had gone too far." She walked out stiffly and the incident was terminated. The Marchesa had not really rung. The sinner had been his own protector. He had invented the fable.

Piero went to Don Giuseppe Flores, the good old priest, with the story of his troubles. He told how he had fallen in love with Jeanne Dessalle, a woman separated from her husband and a woman without religious faith, whom he had met in a railway train. He had been assiduous in his ascetic practices, but he could not forget her eyes. Strange doubts assailed him concerning religion. While deeply engaged in his religious practices these flashed upon him and shook him. He drove them quickly away, but they left him trembling. Why should there be such a thing as temptation? "One night," he told Don Giuseppe, "my mother-in-law's pretty young maid found a pretext for coming to my room. I controlled myself; my face and my words were cold, and she withdrew: but a moment followed in which I asked myself if God really wished His creatures to be tortured thus why Hedid not make His help more adequate. Why had He allowed me to meet that woman in the rain and this girl here in my mother-inlaw's house? I felt rebellious; a pressing gnawing question throbbed in my brain What if God did not exist? What if He did not exist? What if all my faith be but a web of illusions? What if I be but the slave of the prejudices of others, of ideas that had been put into my head when I was too young to think? What if, as regards religion, I be but aping miserably those I had always seen about me? Oh, Don Giuseppe, Don Giuseppe! You must save me, you must save me!" Piero embraced the priest and sobbed upon his neck. It is plain enough that he was torn by his conflicting carnal and spiritual emotions The plot of the story is fully embodied in

that clearly presented fact. The sinner analyzed the religion that he saw about him, the religion of the ordinary world. In three pages it may be read how. still addressing the priest, he tore this to pieces. Passionately he expressed a desire to bury himself in a convent of Trappists, but to this Don Giuseppe would not isten. Piero was comforted and sent forth again among his fellows. He was out with Jeanne Dessalle presently to see the eclipse of the moon. We may read briefly at this point of what we may call Piero's first downright sin. In the flower garden the two had met and embraced. Then: "She laughed a little joyous laugh, resting there on his breast. Piero made no answer, but taking her head in both hands he forced her to raise it and, still without speaking, kissed her eagerly on eyes, cheeks and mouth, while Jeanne submitted and, indeed, returned his kisses, but without warmth. At last she gently removed his hands from her neck and in her turn, drawing his head down to her kissed him upon the forehead as if to calm his excitement, and whispered: 'Now say something to me!' But the young man, who was still eager and whose longing

and become still more intense, answered

I am thirsty!" Then she drew away. 'Enough!' said she resolutely," and there was only one kiss more on that night of the eclipse, a quick little one in the hall of the villa, yielded by her as he was saying good-by and as she touched the button of the electric bell to call the footman to

It might be thought of this sin that it was slight and fugitive, not gross and considerable in the act. It had, however, its implication, and that might be tremendous enough. Jeanne's conscience did not trouble her, but Piero suffered. "Beneath the intoxication of Maironi, who was going down the hill with her kiss upon his lips, a bitter leaven was gathering, silently and unobserved Beneath Jeanne's intoxication there lay the cold and hidden nucleus of her scepticism, her clear vision of the eternal whirlwind in which her love and her conscience, like all other loves, all other consciences, would soon be dissolved. This was the supremely Inevitable, and did not trouble her, but rather intensified the joy of the present hour." The kisses at the edge of the Profondo were not obviously much different from those that we have just contemplated, but they carried the pair further in the way of danger. At the same time they marked a great renewal of Piero's spiritual ferment. Hardly had they been exchanged when a startling word came from the asylum in which Piero's wife was confined. She had recovered her reason and was at the point of death. Piero went to her. He was with her when she died. The storm that invaded his conscience at that time changed him to what he had been. He recovered his faith, gave away all his property and went forth to become that inflexible spiritual figure of whom we read in the story called "The Saint."

The physician in charge of the asylum where Piero's wife died said of Piero just after her death: "I am of opinion that you must get that man away from here as soon as possible and never leave him to himself. He was asked why. "Because," he said, "I believe his mental condition to be such as not to exclude the possibility-I am going to speak quite openly-that he might, one day or another, come here and fill the place his wife has left vacant." We know that need not consider it. But the physician further said: "I have long been interested in Piero Maironi, and the nature of my profession has prompted me to study him carefully whenever he has been here. I will not go so far as to say that he is a neurasthenic, but, setting aside scientific terms. I can assure you he is, to say the least, of a highly nervous temperament." This was an opinion guarded carefully against extravagance, and the story reports much that bears out the physician's view. Should any reader write to us declaring his inability to agree with this physician we should be greatly surprised.

A Story of North Sea People. The dominant note in Gustav Frenssen's story of "The Three Comrades" (Dana Estes and Co.) is the duty of man toward his country and toward society. It has been said of the author that he is the most popular of modern fiction writers in Germany, and the reason is readily discovered in the new story, which is a sympathetic and subtle study of life among humble people, well contrived to appeal to the emotions and sentiments-a quality much craved and admired by the Teutonic mind. To be fully appreciated the book should be read in the rugged language in which it was written. The style is simple and vigorous, the craftsmanship conscientious and capable. Even the discussions, which are many, and the elaboration with needless incident and redundant phraseology seem to add to rather than detract from the

impression conveyed. The picture of the life in a lonely settlement in the mists of the North Sea coast is patiently wrought out with minute care. You know every old woman in the settlement, every child in the cottages, the servants in the two houses where the action takes place, the laborers on the estates, the fervid religion, the hopeless poverty, the great tragedy and stern morality of it all. It is as if one had spent years among these people on the dreary north coast and had become thoroughly acquainted with them. There are travellers who like to tarry long and study life closely in peculiar places like that. There are others who want to motor through and catch quick and fleeting

"The Three Comrades" is not a motor story. It is a fine and intimate study of the character of three boys from the time they play at warfare as children until they have developed into men of action and are each established in the work of his life. The author does not advance any radical sociological or religious theories as in his former stories, "Holyland" and "Jorn Uhl." but in the picture of the lives of the three boys one sees clearly his ideas of the duty of landed proprietors toward their dependents and the need of opportunity for laborers to purchase farms of their own. These "Three Musketeers" of moral adventure, Andrees Strandiger, Franz Strandiger and Heim Heidereiter, are widely different personalities Each meets the defeat of his own temperament. Each conquers in the end by the help of the woman he loves. Andrees, who was the heir of his father's estate, the Strandigerhof, was determined to be a government official or statesman. Franz, on of an army officer, was spirited and pleasure loving and decided to be a stock broker. Heim, who was a dreamer like all the Heidereiters, wanted to win two orders by the time he was 30 and to do and to be all that was great and heroic. At the end they had not gained the laurel or the sack of gold or the orders. But Andrees governed his father's estate wisely, Franz ruled over reclaimed acres of marshland. Heim was still a dreamer, but he wrote his dreams in books and they called him an author.

The Adventures of Avice Carlyon. "Disinherited," by Stella M. Düring (Lippincotts), is just the kind of sugary romance to tempt an English boarding school miss to break the rules and read all night with shaded light. Avice Carlyon, aged 17, comes out of rural England a penniless orphan with an amazing knowledge of this wicked world for a curate's daughter. On her first entrance in society. at the home of her mother's school friend. she entangles the affections of Sir Peter, a baronet of 60, who has mourned his dead wife for thirty years. Men of 60 out of books play golf instead of being trundled about in Bath chairs, but that is a detail. Anyway, they are married with impetuous haste and Sir Peter dies of joy on learning of the prospect of an heir-an heir which

will cause his nephew. Heriot, to be dis-The heir is born in due time in Italy and brought up there on account of his mother's health. All goes well until Heriot wanders down that way and the heir, who has been an heiress all the time, falls in love with Heriot and insists on his being reinstated. We refrain from disclosing how the book comes out. There are a great many marriages arranged by flinty hearted British matrons regardless of the preferences of

only, between two kisses: 'I am thirsty! their daughters in the story and several other timeworn devices about as satisfactory as 5 o'clock stage tea or papier-

By Right Divine.

maché rolls.

With no sense of humor to disturb and no ambition for literary excellence to interfere, Mr. William Sage has hammered together another of those structures in the form of a book which, like "The District Attorney, is built of planks pretty well worn with frequent use and stained from contact with the muckraker's garbage. He has gone about it vigorously, with his coat off, and built it as a farmer puts up a hen coop after the conventional model out of any old stuff he can pick up around the place

The incidents of the new book, "By Right Divine" (Little, Brown and Co.), are for the most part taken from the reports of crime in high places furnished by the sensational newspapers and magazines. They are treated with a certain skill born of experience, and will no doubt appeal to the class of readers for which the story is intended A rascally old Senator, a vigorously moral Governor and a girl-the daughter of the Senator, the weetheart of the Governorare the chief personages in this new attempt at the great American novel. The mer who work the pulleys are two criminals just let out of jail, and a doughfaced young secretary who ought to be put in on a life sentence. How the devotion of the father for his daughter reconciled him to his enemy the Governor, and reorganized his ethica ideas may be read in the story by any one who likes literary hash made up of the usual ingredients flavored with garlic and red

Some Stories.

As entertaining a book for summer readng as may be picked up is the collection of stories by Joseph C. Lincoln, entitled "The 'Old Home' House" (A. S. Barnes and Company). A couple are really good, and most of the rest are amusing, but what a fall they show from "Cap'n Eri" and "Mr. Pratt." Mr. Lincoln seems to have fallen foul of the complicated mosaic of city slang that passes for humor in bohemian circles and puts it into the mouth of all his characters, seafarers, Cape Cod folk, elderly summer boarders included. Much of it is the slang of vestervear, already forgotten in its birthplace. It is a great pity, for Mr. Lincoln had struck a vein of genuine native fun and the truthful touches in his descriptions aroused reasonable hopes of him There are brilliant possibilities in the idea of his "Old Home" hostelry, but he lets them go, to follow what he seems to regard as the prevailing fashion in funniness. Notwithstanding their artistic faults, however, these stories are thoroughly readable and much above the average

A "historical" romance by Mr. Ranger Gull, published five years ago, "The Serf," is reprinted under his pen name, Guy Thorne (R. F. Fenno and Company). It is not particularly interesting and belongs to that bad class of books that twists the events of past times to make them fit modern theories. It is told throughout under high pressure of rhetorical excitement.

The contrast between the careers of a good and a bad West Point graduate is told artlessly by Josephine Holt Throckmorton in "Donald MacDonald" (The Author, Washington, D. C.). Some episodes are described vividly, but there is difference between biography and story writing.

Other Books.

Though bibliographies may be useful they are not usually entertaining, but Father Paschal Robinson of the Order of Friars Minor, in a little pamphlet called "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature" (Tennant and Ward, New York), proves that they can be made extremely interesting. St. Francis and his order have attracted much attention of late years among Catholics, and strangely enough among Protestants too. In twenty-five short pages Father Robinson describes the original sources compactly and clearly and then mentions every book of importance that has been written about St. Francis and the Franciscans, with brief critical remarks. It is a remarkable piece of Catholic erudition, such as we are accustomed to associate with the Benedictines, and a marvel of condensation that is made thoroughly readable, which might serve as a model for other compilers of special bibliographies. The introduction is followed by as many pages of illuminating notes, containing full titles of books. Father Robinson's catholicity of spirit is noticeable in the inclusion of works by non-Catholic or unorthodox authors and the fairness of his

comments on these. To the handsome edition of "Original Narratives of Early American History, edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, has been added a selection from the "Voyages of Samuel de Champlain," edited by Mr. W. L. Grant of Oxford University. The narrative after the year 1618 is omitted as being of special Canadian interest. The translation used is that made by Mr. Charles Pomeroy Otis for the Prince Society of Boston. In this form the importance of Champlain's discoveries on the New England coast is brought out strongly. The brief geo-

graphical notes are all to the point. Princeton's tribute to her Revolutionary poet is completed by the publication of the third volume of "The Poems of Philip Freneau," edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee (The University Library, Princeton, N. J.). The edition is likely to be definitive and is a splendid example of typography. It is to be regretted that a long list of poems should be appended as being omitted for various reasons. The only valid reason for omission in a "definitive" edition must be that there are good grounds for believing that the poet did not write the poems. Freneau's fame as a poet would have been served by much greater omissions; even historical allusions hardly account for some pieces; the excuse for them is that the edition is to be complete, and it seems a pity to leave out a number, however uninteresting, and thereby mis: that completeness.

In "The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies" (George Routledge & Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company), Mr. L. E. Neame gives the facts in a problem that is annoying England extremely. Assuming that Australia and South Africa must be kept clear of Asiatics the statements are fair enough and the author's anxiety as to what Asiatic labor means is not slight. The difficulty for England is increased by the fact that the colonies insist on restricting the immigration of her Indian subjects when the mother country admits them even into Parliament. Australia wants to keep out Japanese and Chinese, South Africa wants to exclude Indians as well. Naturally no rational solution of the difficulty is offered. Where so much is descriptive it is rather dangerous to reprint without change articles a quarter of a century old, as Mr. Charles Burr Todd has done in "In Olde Massachusetts" (The Grafton Press). The paper on the Cape Cod ship canal, for instance, makes rather queer reading now, and a good many other things Mr. Todd saw are to be seen no more. Nantucket, however, has the lion's share in the book, and all that Mr. Todd has to say of the island and the Cape Cod towns is as interesting now as when it was written. There is a curious chapter too on the wards of the colonies insist on restricting the immiis a curious chapter too on the wards Harvard College, the Mashpee Indians

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Company.) "The New Apocalypse." Henry Grafton Chapan. (George C. Peck, New York.)
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